His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
Then crie king *Henry* with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For *Warwike* and his friends God and saint *George*.
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *Warwike*, a *Warwike*.
Alarmes, and *Glocster* and *Hastings* flies.
Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke.
War. *Richard* and *Hastings* let them go, heere is the
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwike* when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?
War. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then *I* disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.
Edw. Well *Warwike*, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in mind will beare himselfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henry* now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* & his followers,
Ile

Ile come and tell thee what the ladie *Bona* saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with *Edward*.
Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *France*,
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.
War. *I* thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.
Exeunt Omnes.
Enter *Glocster*, *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*.
Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know that the cause *I* sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How *I* am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.
Enter *Edward* and a Huntsman.
Hunts. This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. *I*, *I*, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into *Flanders*.
Edw. Come then: *Hastings*, and *Stanlie*, *I* will

Re-